BOOST THE ACADEMY PLAY

The Cee Ay

By the Students of Columbia Academy

BOOST THE ACADEMY PLAY

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"KLEPTOMANIACS" TO BE PRESENTED MAY 5

Ninety-Five Students Attend Annual Retreat

On Wednesday the thirteenth at 8 p. m. the annual retreat, which has been a sixty year tradition at Columbia, was opened. Approximately ninety-five students were present when Father Joseph of Dubuque began the three-day service with Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament. Following this ceremony, he gave a brief address on the advantages of a retreat.

Father Maloney, arriving late Wednesday night from Chicago, took over charge of the retreat the following morning saying Mass. On the first two days of the triduum, Father Maloney spoke mainly on the Ten Commandments preparing the retreatants for confession. On Saturday he relieved the minds of many seniors by dealing on the vocations in later life.

Father Maloney is from Chicago where he takes care of unfortunate boys and men in hotels and homes. Before coming to Columbia he conducted a retreat at De Paul University for men.

There were four conferences a day with two in the morning and one in the afternoon and evening each. There was one period used for spiritual reading in the chapel followed by the Way of The Cross. On Good Friday and Holy Saturday instead of saying Mass, Father Maloney gave instructions.

On Easter Sunday Father Maloney said Mass and after it gave the Papal Blessing to the retreatants. The retreat closed with grace at breakfast.

Through the combined efforts of Fathers Striegel, Kaufmann and Churchill, the students making the retreat were supplied with spiritual reading material.

"WORLD'S FAIR" SPEAKER'S THEME

The World's Fair with all its entertainments and wonders was vividly depicted by E. M. Johnson in a talk to the student body in the auditorium here Tuesday.

He particularly stressed the Pageant of Science to be enacted in Chicago this summer, claiming that it completely included past accomplishments in the field of science with an insight of possible achievements in the future. In the course of his speech Mr. Johnson made an especial appeal to history students stating that the Exposition of a Century's Progress was lifeless history reanimated.

The next group of editors for this paper is about to be selected; any of you who want to be on the staff be sure to see Father Coyne.

Interesting Debate By Mission Crusade

The Academy unit of the Catholic Students' Mission Crusade held its regular meeting in the auditorium last Tuesday afternoon. The feature of the meeting was a very interesting debate by the members of the senior class Round Tablers. The question debated was:

Resolved: That owing to certain similarities in religious customs and practices, Africans would be easier to convert than other native Europeans.

Maurice McMahon, Eugene Weimer, and Bert McQuillan upheld the affirmative side with firm precision and remarkable tact while George Phelan, Francis O'Connor, and Robert Spahn presented their arguments in a very convincing and eloquent manner. As no official decision was rendered, both team had an equal claim to the victory. The Round Table wranglers hope to hold another debate of this kind in the near future.

The Academy Crusaders are looking forward with eager anticipation to that week in June which may find some of them attending the National Convention of the Catholic Students' Mission Crusade which is to be held at Cincinnati, Ohio.

Museum Offers Many Interesting Displays

The most interesting exhibit in the Columbia Museum would be very difficult to select. It might be the magnificent art gallery, the display of coins of all nations, the various clocks, the prize-winning replica of a pioneer's cabin, the extensive collection of guns, the specimens of rock or just the arrangements of the interior itself might prove most fascinating.

The artistic display of wild flowers which is in accord with the spirit of the season furnishes a very appropriate way of studying plant life. This exhibit occupies only one small corner of the institution but it embraces a group of seventy wild flowers, all of which can be found within the radius of one hundred miles of Dubuque. These interesting specimens are each classified from series to species according to the Asa Gray method of identification.

This display includes the plant which were used in making medicines by the Indians as well as many queer looking flowers such as the Bellwort whose stem grows through the leaf instead of at the end of it.

"HE ASKED FOR IT"

FIRST PRIZE SHORT STORY

FRANCIS KIRK

Whitey Ruotolo was waiting for a lift, but he wanted it in the right kind of a car and with the right kind of a driver. The sedan had almost overtaken him before he hailed it with the beseeching gesture of the hitch-hiker. He hesitated to make sure that the approaching car was the right kind for his present need and purpose — a stock model of a medium-priced make, not glaringly new. A type of car hard to trace, Whitey thought, and easy to sell.

Whitey did not need to guess about the river. From Whitey's viewpoint he wouldn't stop unless he was the right kind. The wrong kind of drivers were wise enough not to pick up hitch-hikers on lonesome roads like this.

But this one was the right kind, he even stopped so abruptly that the car slid on squealing tires a few yards beyond Whitey. This was going to be easy, thought Whitey, only a sucker would have burned his tires that way.

"Much obliged," he said as he tumbled in at the door that swung invitingly open.

"Same here," the driver said unexpectedly. Whitey stared. "Hate driving alone," the other explained, "like to have company."

"At that, its lots better'n walking alone," Whitey suggested.

"Something in that. Going far?"

"New York." Whitey was always going a long way. If your hiking a hundred miles or so suckers are always sorrier for you and being in that mood made them a little easier to handle.

"Swell! That's where I'm headed for. A lot safer having company all the way."

Whitey barely managed not to laugh, knowing how safe his company was going to be.

"A lot of hold-ups these days. Less chance of it when there's two traveling in a car."

"That's so. Never thought of it that way before," replied Whitey nodding his head soberly.

"If you were in my shoes, you'd think of it," said the driver. "Carrying my samples in back. Jewels. Worth two or three thousand. The skids are put under a lot of guys for less than that."

With difficulty Whitey managed to keep a straight face. Two or three thousand on top of what he'd be paid for the crate. And that sap going around advertising it!

"Can't lock the bus," the driver

(Continued on page 4)

Cast of Academy Play Is Announced

The final cast of "The Kleptomaniacs," the Academy play which will be presented in the College Auditorium, May 5, has been chosen.

The cast as announced by the director is as follows:

Paul Carr	Mansfield Lagan
Mrs. Carr	John Becker
Charles Carr	Lawrence Theisen
Madge Carr	Paul Streuber
Nell	Herbert Boland
Mr. Carr	Louis Sanner
James Cluney	Robert Palen
Mr. Jamison	Francis O'Connor
Doctor Willoughby	James Weber
Rev. Mr. Spelvin	Robert Dunphy
Jack Doogan	William McCluskey
Joe Thompson	Jean Schneider
Sergeant	Burton McQuillan
Police Officer O'Mally	Robert Spahn
Police Officer Clancy	John Schroeder
Police Officer O'Brien	William Keller

Robert Palen, James Weber, John Schroeder, William McCluskey, Burton McQuillan, Robert Dunphy, Louis Sanner, Herbert Boland and John Becker are all well known in Academy dramatics, having appeared in many of the Academy plays of the past. Although Mansfield Lagan, Paul Streuber, Lawrence Theisen, Francis O'Connor, Jean Schneider and Robert Spahn are all newcomers to the Academy stage they are rapidly becoming experienced. Most of them have had experience in the elocutionary contests.

The play is a clever farce centering around the actions of two men who think themselves to be kleptomaniacs and, although innocent, they are falsely convicted of their guilt by the actions of a clever

(Continued on page 4)

In attempting to include every activity about the Academy campus the CinemA will not exclude one of the oldest of academic activities, the Columbia Museum. This institution depends in a great deal upon the support of its younger auriliary and many of Columbia's students have become interested in this extra curricular work. Columbia Museum will, therefore be represented in the 1932-33 year book.

It has been suggested that during the general disorder and chaos of spring the Academy students aid the Museum by reporting any article of interest that may be found at such a time to Father Kessler, curator of the Museum. During such a time many things of interest are found and then destroyed because of a lack of knowledge and appreciation of their worth as relics of the past. An interest in the Museum will be fully appreciated and its growth and worth as a Museum will attest to the fact.

The Cee Ay

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WATCH YOUR TIME

Nature plays no favorites in apportioning her daytime. The sun rises at the appointed hour for all alike and thus gives every one an equal start with his fellow-workers. There may be some who appear to reach their heights without taking advantage of that equal start but they are the exceptions to the rule and make poor examples by which to gauge one's efforts.

Time is divided into past, present and future with the future steadily shifting over to the past like the hands of a clock, and when it passes the ever present, is the time to think, act, and work. Therefore, it is necessary that we make every minute of the present count to insure the pleasant vision of a successful past.

Nothing will put one in tune with the Universe and keep him in perfect harmony with his work like getting on the job early in the morning and taking advantage of the full day that Nature provides out of every twenty-four hours. The student who starts out in the morning behind time buckles a handicap on himself that follows him throughout the day. He is wrong himself and when one is wrong and knows it he is sure to diffuse a feeling of discomfort wherever he goes and leave its imprint upon the product of his hand and brain. People who get into the habit of being always just a few minutes behind time go through life dragging the heavy chain of a disturbed existence behind them.

LAST SIX WEEKS

The outline of the last six weeks of scholastic effort before the vacational interlude has been placed before us, and we, according to the natural order of things, have already undertaken to fill out that program. Merely because this is not a departure from the usual course of events, we are not to accept present curricular activity as drudgery. The life of a true student and scholar is anything but a career of drudgery, for such a one is spurred on to intellectual effort by the experiencing of creative joy: the unlimited satisfaction everyone derives from accomplishment.

But personal aggrandizement should, in the proper order, be but a minor or secondary motive for renewed effort along intellectual channels. Every responsible Catholic student owes a personal duty to church and state to develop into an intelligent Catholic citizen, who will contribute his share to the betterment of the country and the support of the Church. The proper, necessary background for such a life must be constructed now—in high school days, when a conscientious striving to get the most out of a Catholic education is all important.

Alumni Notes

Robert "Bob" Ziepprecht, Academy graduate of 1930, recently stopped off to visit his alma mater. Bob is home on his Easter vacation from Notre Dame where he is taking a course in engineering.

James McParland, former Gub athlete and a member of the class of 1928, is now working in Chicago and attending night school at De Paul University.

It may interest some of you to know that Larry Reedy, former captain of the Academy Gubs, is now a political captain in River Forest, Illinois. We wish Larry luck in the political world.

Taking advantage of a short Easter vacation, James Kearns, who is now studying journalism at Notre Dame, managed to pay his friends at Columbia his respects. Jimmy is also editor of the Notre Dame Scholastic.

DRESS PARADE

Francis "Honker" O'Connor—Just a gigolo. What a dancer! He was seen enjoying himself at the dance and seemed perfecty oblivious of the crowd. Is there that much interest, "Franny"? He is quite the tennis and golf player and is the school tennis champion. He is just a wiz in Physics? He can often be found in the company of Professor (commonly known as Clumsy) Spahn and John Becker.

Donald "Mac" McMullen—Mac is the man that hides behind a big horn when he plays in the band. He is a member of the Museum staff and he likes to play around with the antiques. He gets a big kick out of English classes and seems to have a weakness for musical clocks.

Loras "Muddy" Watters—Muddy is a queer person, he likes physics for one thing. He is a shy little lad and still blushes very sweetly. He is a member of the triumvirate of Weimer, Kirk and Watters. He still thinks that Weimer lost the debate he participated in some time ago.

William "Count" Trow—The hypercritical young man with the amiable manner. Bill, the Academy sheik, is one of Professor Dovi's talented band members. During the last month Bill has developed an appreciation for the better things in life—in the form of art lectures. Watch out Bill and don't let the scenery get you!

Clinton Kelly—Another native of West Hill and a pal of Jim Weber. Clint holds first place in the hearts of the weaker sex. He spends his spare time with the other "knights of antiquity" in the Columbia museum. We nominate Clint as the most courtly member of the senior class.

John Schroeder—If you are not acquainted with this gentleman you can easily meet him by taking a stroll out toward West Dubuque any evening. Besides being a wrestler of renown, John also enjoys the dignity of being a librarian. If John can keep his shoulders from touching he should be a great man.

Fathers Dennis Clark and Cleo Ivis spent a day at the Academy during the last week. Father Ivis was recently appointed pastor at Cherokee, while Father Clark is stationed at Manilla. Both priests were prominent in the Columbia athletic world.

Among the students enrolled in the Notre Dame College of Dentistry, we find the name of Frank Klees. Frank gained fame as quarterback on the Gubs of 1926. Here's hoping that Frank is as successful in dentistry as he was in football.

There has been a rumor circulating stating that the "professor spoken about in the last issue is quite angry at the article. This is not true, the professor is quite jovial, knowing, "That he who laughs last laughs best."

The writer of the dress parade is stil hiding under a cloak of mystery. This is a good thing. What a scandal would arise if a murder was committed.

"FORGIVENESS"

Third Prize Short Story

LAWRENCE THEISEN

"Dei tecum, the gods be with you, O Marcus! Has not the night been bitter cold? 'Tis good our watch is nearly done."

"Yea, friend Quintus, the biting north winds have chilled me to the very marrow. This armor, it is heavier than the very gates of the city. And this shield and spear, they are cold to the hand. Ah, dost not thou, too, long to warm thy numbed fingers before the great fires of the palace hall?"

"Certe, certe! But look you, Marcus—that Jew upon the temple steps over yonder. I have watched, he has spent the whole night within the temple walls. Only this minute has he come out. By Castor, the man is a fool to sit there on that cold marble when he could even now be wooing sweet Morpheus."

The two Roman soldiers, having patroled the Jerusalem streets during the last watches of the night were quitting their posts of duty. They had met, and, after a short pause, were about to go on together when the guard addressed as Marcus, following the direction of his companion's pointed arm, stopped short.

"The light is poor as yet and I am not certain—but yet, it is he! Dost thou not know, dear Quintus, that that is the Nazarene about whom we have heard so much. I have seen the man before. With mine own eyes I have seen him make the blind man at the gates of Jericho to see."

"Non, non, it is not he, not the same who has made the lame to walk? the deaf to hear? the dead to rise again? who has made the lepers clean? I cannot believe it!"

"Even so, he is the same. It was he who fed the five thousand with but five loaves and three fishes. It was he who raised the daughter of the Jew, Jairus, to life and gave back to the bereaved Jewish widow her son who was also dead. By the great god Zeus, he is a wondrous man! It has even been said that he has confounded and put to shame the Pharisees and doctors of the law out of every town of Galilee, and Judea and Jerusalem. Yea, were he not a despised Jew he would long ago have made himself a great leader in the Roman armies. Even now, I, a Roman, would readily follow him wherever he might lead."

"Be not so bold in thy speech, O Marcus. 'Twould bode thee no good should Roman officialdom learn that you entertain such feelings. But look, Marcus, the man appears to be sad. His face has a sorrowing look. Attendite, he is crying."

"It is so. His gaze is turned toward the east. But certainly there is nothing to sadden him there. See, Quintus, how red the sun comes up over that little knoll outside the city walls. 'Tis Calveria, the Skull! Quintus!—Do mine eyes deceive me?"

"Didst thou, too, see something?"

"Yea, three crosses there were. And the one in the center was taller than the other two. Then—pop! —They were gone."

"'Twas the same, Marcus, I, too, saw them, emblazoned against the

(Continued on page 3)

Spring Football Attracts Fifty-Seven

Numerous Aspirants Lacking Experience

Stiff joints and sore muscles were much in evidence around the Columbia campus this morning. Yesterday after anxiously awaiting the advent of favorable weather Coach Cretzmeyer put his prospective 1933 footballers through their first real spring workout. Needless to say the familiar calisthenics exacted quite a toll of energy from the majority of the some sixty or more who answered the belated call for spring training, for reference, consult Bill McClusky or Gene Porter.

At any rate it was an exhilarating night to see the Academy campus alive with so many promising and enthusiastic aspirants for next year's fall edition of the Columbia Gubs, and the Academy mentor expressed keen satisfaction over the quantity and quality of the group on deck to subscribe to the conditioning process and instructional program proper to a spring football group.

Without a doubt the prospect for a banner team next fall never seemed better. Among the notables assembled were such stars as "Red" Kellar, Heying, McCluskey, Porter, Brown and Saunders, famed for front line action; and Streff, Welden and Joe Voelker, a group of ball toting specialists. Geisler, Enzler, Jeurgens and Schuster were others who graced the latter division. Charlie Kelly, diminutive player, was also in line to do his stuff. Many others who gleaned laurels from the field of intramural competition were among those present.

The program for the spring training period is the same as in other years. Coach Cretzmeyer is in hopes of getting in at least three good weeks work and as a climax for the spring football period he plans to stage the annual game between the "Has Beens" and the "Will Bes." Watch the fur fly!

Ladies and gentlemen, the season for "barnyard golf" is upon us. Apply "minit" rub to the biceps and match your skill with the best that this school can offer.

The courts will be in shape within a few days. With basket ball fading into oblivion, horseshoe takes the spot light. Get out and get under it. Action, my lads, again I say action!

Fr. Patnode states that in the very near future there will be a tournament for all those who wish to demonstrate their prowess.

Recent announcements from the Academy athletic director state that the annual Academy tennis tournament will be held some time next month. It is hoped that the courts will be in good condition by that time. If the courts are not in condition by that time, the tournament will be played off on some other courts. No doubt there will be the same large number of entries as in last year's tournament.

Poems are wanted by Father Patnode for publication in the annual. All ye poets and would be poets, attention. This is probably the first and last chance you will have for publication.

Parochial League Umps Are Announced

As in former years the officials for the Dubuque Parochial School leagues will be none other than our own future "Moriarity's." The ones who are to officiate in the Junior League are Phelan, Balk, Weldon, O'Brien, Knockel, Sanders, McAndrews, Donahue, McCluskey and Coleman. Those assigned to the Senior League are Sharon, McMahon, Schneider, Voelker, Tschudi, Juergens, Elmer, O'Leary, Palen and McQuillan. Some of these "umps" worked last year and the year's experience should mean much to their efficiency.

The leagues can safely be said to have grown each year since their original organization. Fathers Patnode and Coyne are the two on the Academy faculty who, under the supervision of Doctor Wolfe, have done most to further the success of the organization. The team which loomed most prominent in the league last year was St. Mary's. It seems the St. Mary's contingent show promise young. Echoes of other years—John Corpstein, Bob Ernsdorf, Nicks, Ryan, etc., etc.

Intramural Indoor Begins Next Week

With the advent of the balmy days and warm weather comes the softball class baseball leagues which are scheduled to begin next week. The major league will have practically the same players as in previous years and should put on some great ball games for all concerned. Some of the major league pitchers who should be back this year are G. Schneider, Elmer and Kinney, all of whom have performed in previous seasons.

All the major league teams have a wealth of material and until the season is well under way no predictions can be made. Among the minor league teams 2A and 2B should be league leaders, but the Freshmen teams are as yet untried and may come through to offer the Sophomores plenty of resistance.

The captains who were elected during the week are as follows: John Elmer 4B, Louis Sanner 4A, George Bierie 3A, John Kolfenbach 2A, Gene Giesler 2B, Jerome Weldon 2C, Kress 1A, ark O'Leary 1B, Morris 1C, and Melvin Kellar 1D.

"TOUCHDOWN"

SECOND PRIZE SHORT STORY

LOUIS SANNER

For seven insufferable, interminable days they had gazed at that jagged icy face which covered the side of the glittering, snow-topped cliff. It had been the only view open in that place where the bitter grasp of the north held them fast. The shaggy head took on a human form, and its searching, deepset eyes followed them, penetrating into their very souls, imbedding itself in their minds and giving them but one thought. It jeered and mocked them. "You can't get out, you can't get out."

The men had eaten nothing for three days, they had existed, merely, by munching snow at regular intervals. Close pals, they were gradually separating from one another, as the gnawing in the pit of their stomachs increased. They fought for life, inspired by a dim, flickering speck, hope. Still no rescue plane came to free them from that white hell.

"I can't stand it any longer Clint!" Mack yelled, "Any place away from that damn face."

"My God! Mack, our only hope is to stay near the plane," answered Clint.

The jeering of the face throbbed in Mack's brain, "You can't get out, you can't get out." In despair he started off. There was a wild light in his eyes. Clint rushed at him trying to block his path. Mack hit Clint in his desperate, bleeding face and broke from those tearing, vise-like hands. Young Clint went down before the unhalting charge of his pal and, hitting his head on the ice, lay still. Mack kept thundering on. His steaming eyes were raw. The voice still beat within his brain, "You can't get out, you can't get out."

The stinging wind cut through his surging body like a volley of fine, pointed daggers. He shook his fist at the sneering face and trodded on, turning from the jagged head of the cliff. He must get out over the ridges. He was playing football now and the field was the snow-crusted expanse of the frozen north. His mind became muddled and only one thought persisted, "I'll get out, I've got to get out.

He thought of his college days. He played quarterback; there he had met Clint and together they had planned a flight to the north pole.

His knees felt heavy, dead. "Come on Mack, old kid, you gotta beat em!" His breath came in cruel gasps from his throat. "Ive got to make it . . ." Blinding, whirling snow beat him back, but little by little he was gaining. Yard, another. No more was the monotonous beating against his brain.

His eyes were flooded with the victory of madness. At last he was free of that hateful face; he laughed aloud. He did not hear the purring of a silver speck, the only living sound that pierced the bitter silence.

Elated, to took a deep breath and eased his body straight. Abruptly he stopped, his body stiffened and his eyes filled with fear. There was a sharp report as the snow and ice cracked beneath his feet. He had walked straight into the jaws of that terrible face.

He heard the chuckle of the jagged cliff and uttering a cry of terror leaped into the void. A terrific wind was screeching in his ears and his cry was lost in the deafening roar of the avalanche. The last he heard was the hoarse, raving voice screaming, "Touchdown, Touchdown!" to the bitter winds.

"FORGIVENESS"

(Continued from page 2)

flame of the rising sun. Then even as you say, they were gone!

"Sed audite! What is that confusion of sounds?"

"It doth sound like the excited cries of the rabble. There is great discontent brewing among the Jews of the city, Quintus. They are about at all hours. Not even at night do they sleep. Despite the vigilance of our fellow guardsmen they gather secretly in little groups about the city. An uprising is likely to break out any day now.

"Their cries grow louder. Come, let us within this doorway where the shadows are dark. There is no love lost between the Jews and the Roman soldiery."

The shouting grew still louder and more strident. Then, as with the breaking of a great wave upon a rocky shore, it suddenly reached a deafening volume as the motley assortment of men and women burst out of a street running perpendicular to the one in which the Roman guards were concealed. The crowd stopped suddenly and an audible hush fell upon them.

"They see us, Quintus. Let us step forth with great boldness. They dare not attack us in the open light of day."

"No, Marcus, wait—What have they with them? By the great god Neptune, 'tis a woman! Vite, look! Her clothes are half torn from her body. They drag her along. No, they do not see us. 'Tis the Nazarene they have noticed."

"You are right, amicus meus. Already their priests are goading them on so that they shout still louder. They are coming this way. The woman, they do drag her cruelly."

"Yea, even the little children spit upon her and torment her. But look they have stopped before the Nazarene. He has risen. What is it they shout? But listen. One of the Pharisees is speaking now."

The Jews had paused before the quiet figure on the temple steps, milling about like a herd of hungry oxen. Their shouting quieted perceptibly that their spokesman might talk.

"Master, even now this woman was taken in adultery. Now Moses in the law commanded us to stone such a one. But what sayest thou?"

The Roman guard addressed his friend in lowered tones. The maddening cries of the Jewish rabble, however, made such precaution unnecessary.

"The mob has taken up the cry of their leader. 'Tis a wonder our horsemen have not as yet arrived to learn the cause of such a disturbance. They press upon the Nazarene. What means it, Marcus?"

"'Tis said that the Jewish priests are jealous of this carpenter's son, Quintus. They fear that he will wrest their power from them. Already he has gained many disciples amongst the Jewish people. Look you, it is the Scribes and the Pharisees who are making the greatest noise. The people, themselves, notice ye, are of the lower class. They are but the tools in the masters'

(Continued on page 4)

"HE ASKED FOR IT"

(Continued from page 1)

was saying. "Lost my keys. If I didn't have someone to sit in the car and watch those samples, I wouldn't dare stop to eat along the way." He laughed. "That's how you are going to work your passage."

Whitey nodded. His right hand paused on its way toward the heater he packed under his left arm. Though not deeply opposed to drilling a sucker he had not great love to sit in the "big chair" they kept up the river for those unlucky ones that had rubbed out a sucker. 'Twas then that he decided it to be unnecessary to give this sap the works.

As the car swerved in toward one of those little wayside lunchrooms which are to be seen on any of our highways, the driver said, "Here's where I feed." The driver scrambled out. "Looks foolish to ask you to stay in the car while I'm eating. Though there isn't a chance in a hundred that anybody would try to steal it, but all the same, I'd feel safer." He glanced at the shanty. "See? No telephone wires. We wouldn't have a chance in the world of catching anyone who'd make a get away with the bus while the two of us were inside eating."

Once more Whitey succeeded in keeping his face from showing how he felt. He nodded his head soberly.

"O. K. Go ahead and eat. I ain't hungry anyway."

With a hasty, "Thanks," the driver cheerfully slammed shut behind him the door of the shack. Whitey, at last, could afford to release the long smothered laugh that was choking him. He slid over behind the wheel and his foot stepped on the starter button.

He soon discovered that the car couldn't do better than fifty, but this was plenty in the present case. There wasn't any special hurry; for forty miles the road ran through an empty country of scrub-oak wilderness; without a telephone it would be a long time before the sucker could make his squawk to the bulls.

"He's only getting what he asked for," mused Whitey as he drove along the lonely road.

The idea pleased him. If the poor sap had wanted to lose his car and jewels he couldn't have managed it better.

"He asked for it," Whitey repeated happily. "Almost begged me to take it."

In triumph he drove deliberately into a little straggling town of dingy brick stores and sprawling warehouses. He was still singing the song of victory to himself when a voice yelled to him to stop. It wasn't until he noticed a shiny tin shield pinned to a plaid shirt and saw an awkward, old-fashioned revolver leveled at him, that he began to be worried. A bullet whanged past him as he steped hard on the gas. Bent over the wheel he was again in the open country, wishing that his new bus could make better than fifty.

It didn't seem possible. There hadn't been a chance for that simple minded salesman to put in his squawk, yet, somehow it happened. Glancing back Whitey's bewilderment grew deeper. Car was chasing him. It was going faster than any car had a right to go out in this part of the country. As it gained on him a bullet sang by; another crashed through the windshield just to one side of his head. Whitey knew when he was licked. He pulled over to the side of the road and stopped. The other car swept by. In a minute the clumsy old gun covered him again.

"You got me all wrong brother," whined Whitey.

"Maybe. But we got the car we been watchin' for." Rusty hand-cuffs groaned as they clamped shut on Whitey's wrists. A quick search was made of his empty pockets. "Where's the money? Better give it up now."

"What money?" It was useless now for Whitey to pretend that he didn't understand.

"Fogot about it, eh?" The drawling voice rasped on Whitey's ears. "So you don't remember about shootin' up the bank this mornin' down in Pine Bluff. You must've forgot about stealin' this here car too, or I suppose you wouldn't have driven it into no town with them there license numbers just as ——."

Whitey's lips moved in a dazed mumble. The sheriff noded wisely.

"Just what I aimed to say myself," he said. "Jest askin' for it, yes, sir, jest plumb askin' for it."

All good things must come to an end, said Eddie Donahue, as he answered the last easy question in his exam. Good luck, Eddie, we're all pulling for you.

The seniors are going to sponsor the play about to be put on by the Dramatic Club. Let's give them our full hearted support.

"FORGIVENESS"

(Continued from page 3)

hands. Besides, the dogs do thirst for blood."

"But see, Marcus, he has not answered them. Rather, he has stooped over and is writing in the sand. How calm he is. Would that we were nearer that we might see what it is he writes."

"But they grow impatient, Quintus. They are pressing him for an answer. Blind, jealous, cowardly fools —they feel that they have him trapped. But mark you, Quintus, he will confound them again even as he has so often done before. 'Tis a great moment and the Fates are kind that they allow us to witness this."

"Quiet, dear Marcus, he speaks."

The crowd momentarily hushed, the voice of the Nazarene rang forth full and clear:

"He that is without sin amongst you, let him cast the first stone."

"Marcus, what means it? That they are slinking away like the jackals of the desert. Would that I might also see what he has written. What power this man must have!

"Mirabile dictu, they have all left now. There is not a single one in sight. Only the Nazarene and the woman remain. He rises now. Audite! What does he say?"

"Woman, where are they that accused thee? Hath no man condemned thee?"

The woman sat huddled despairingly at his feet. Slowly, now, she raised her downcast eyes until they came to rest upon the face of her deliverer. With mingled wonderment and thanks she answered him:

"No man, Lord."

Gently the Nazarene rested his hand upon her uplifted head. His downward gaze was kind, forgiving, his voice low and sad:

"Neither will I condemn thee—Go now, and sin no more."

M. J. M.

Sharon: "All that women think of is clothes."

Weber: "From all appearances, I should say she was practically thoughtless."

Mannishly-drest Lady: "Did you catch any fish, little boy?"

Country Boy: "No."

Boy (gazing dubiously at her rig): "Durned if I know."

Then we hear from the Great Louie Sanner:

"The mosquito is like a child; the moment he stops making a noise you know he is getting into something."

Bob Palen has exposed a new economic theory: "By saving all you earn you will have money to share with the fellow thrown out of work by your saving."

Friend: "Where have you been?"

Bradley: "In the hospital getting censored."

Friend: "Censored?"

Bill: "Yes. I had several important parts cut out."

Prof.: "Herbert, how many wars was Spain engaged in during the 17th century?"

Boland: "Seven."

Prof.: "Seven? Enumerate them."

Herby: "One, two, three, four, five, six, seven."

Reporter: "I've got a perfect news story."

Editor: "The man bite the dog?"

Reporter: "Naw, a bull threw a congressman."

Pretty Nurse: "Every time I take the patient's pulse it gets faster. What shall I do?"

Doctor: "Blindfold him."

This bit of irony appeared in the form of a sign on a Scottish golf course:

"Members are requested to refrain from picking up lost balls until they have stopped rolling."

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A HEAVENLY THOUGHT

As I lie here thinking, thinking
Of the broad expanse above,
I cannot help but think of God,
His power and kind, endearing love.

I gaze at the moon above me,
And contemplate its worth.
What could we do at night
If it didn't light the earth?

Now I see the many stars
That around the moon do glow.
I look at them O so intently
And count them row by row.

I fall asleep, still thinking
Of His Majesty on high;
That loving God Who did create
The iluminated sky.

—Maurice J. McMahon

CAST OF ACADEMY PLAY IS ANNOUNCED

(Continued from page 1)

crook, Jack Doogan, and his accomplice Nell. The play moves through many amusing situations and has a surprise ending.

The stage crew which has assured the success of the plays in the past year will handle the technical side of the play. The smoothness of the play depends largely on the technical crew. This year's crew is under the direction of Ben Parker, as stage manager, with the assistance of James Bird and Richard Sanders. The properties will be handled by John Schroeder and Robert Spahn, while John Becker has charge of the publicity.

There are very few high schools that would attempt this play because of its difficult and complicated groupings. The stage has a large number of people on it at all times, requiring a deft handling and correct grouping.

The cast has been rehearsing diligently for the past three weeks and assures a finished performance when the curtain rises on the evening of May 5.

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